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MIRIAM
A CHRIST CHILD

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MIRIAM, A CHRIST-CHILD



MIRIAM

MIRIAM: A CHRIST-CHILD



BEING GLIMPSES
OF THE SHORT STREAM
OF A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE.
ITS SPRING WAS IN CHRIST, AND IT
FLOWED IN LOVE, IN FUN, IN TEARS, IN JOY,
IN POETRY, AND IN MUSIC THROUGH
EIGHT YEARS UNTIL THE
OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE
RECEIVED IT



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DEDICATION

MIRIAM was born on the 10th of July, 1885; she passed into more abundant life on the 27th of April, 1894. We, her father and mother, write of the short space between, hoping that parents who read may recognize their children as His who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" hoping that children who read or hear read these little glimpses of the life of an eight-year-old girl may see Jesus' face and be glad.

MIRIAM, A CHRIST-CHILD

"But these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in His name."—JOHN xx. 31.



SO wrote the inspired John in describing God's purpose, in John's record of the life of Christ.

So write I, not without the hope that this simple record of the life of our Miriam may lead some to believe on the Christ who in some measure relived His child-life in her young spirit, soul, and body.

How many times we have heard the desire expressed that something more might have been given us than the one little glimpse we have of the child-life of Jesus! Is it too bold a thought to think that God intended the lives of our own little ones, Spirit-taught, to fill in these lines left out of the gospel story?

"And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and He was subject unto them."—LUKE ii. 51.

Subject unto His parents: this little phrase is a volume comprising chapters on obedience, love, self-sacrifice, mirth, and tears.

With what joy can I write of a little eight-year-old girl who was subject unto her parents with all that this implies in a sin-tainted nature; not without some rebellion, selfishness, and sorrow at times, but with a victory which overcame—even her faith!

"And when they saw Him, they were astonished."—LUKE ii. 48.

The boy Jesus was lost to His father and mother. They sought Him sorrowing, and when they found Him it was to discover the wonderful Child talking with the doctors in the temple; "And when they saw Him, they were astonished."

Our little Miriam one day was lost to our sight. Some of our friends called it death, and we sought her sorrowing. But we found her, not as Jesus was found, in bodily presence, but rather as Abel lived, who "being dead yet speaketh"; for we were amazed

indeed to discover that we had been living with a little seer; one who was talking with the doctors; one who both heard (and understood) them and asked them questions. Scarcely did we think, in the days of her flesh, that we were rearing other than a hearty, happy, healthy child, although with somewhat unusual tendency to old-fashioned ways and deep spiritual life. It was not until we lost her that we found her; it was not until she was gone that we discovered how truly she might have risen from her casket, and, with her little finger raised, have said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Blessed Miriam! we know thee now; a little prophetess wert thou. Thy little body veiled thee during eight short years, but we saw thee in the church that day at the service of love and hope, when pastor, teacher, classmate, and friend looked away from thy precious face to the face of the Saviour who had taught thee, and who had received thee that He might the more fully tell thee of His love. And we, like the father and mother of our blessed Lord, were amazed that we had fathered and mothered such a life.

MOTHER'S CHAPTER

"And His mother kept all these sayings in her heart."
—LUKE ii. 51.

THESE are the precious things, these the jewels which we so sacredly withdraw from the casket of our hearts that we may exhibit them to those who have eyes to see and hearts to be touched by Christ. For by Him and through Him are all things, and He it is who hath given abundant life to our Miriam. And who but a mother should "tell these things"? Who but a mother could keep them in her heart?

So this is a mother chapter—a string of pearls with none other connection than that they are strung on the golden chain of love.

When Miriam first learned to talk she showed her unselfish spirit. Anything that was given her—bread, toys, or what not—

was immediately followed by her demand, "An' Bercha?" *

She began to go to Sunday-school when just two years old, and used to be very particular about learning the golden texts. One day when the large school failed to repeat it, the superintendent, Mr. R——, brought Miriam in from the primary class and stood her up on the table to repeat it, which she did, as always, without a bit of self-consciousness or embarrassment. We suppose he said he was "proud of her"; but it was so unlike her to think of herself that when she got home she had it quite twisted, and said, "O mama, I was so proud of Mr. R—— to-day!" and told us all the story.

When very small, hearing some one quote to her older sister, "Children should be seen and not heard," she inquired very gravely, "Mama, is that a topic or a golden text?" Just so seriously she repeated the golden text, "It is awful to do well upon the Sabbath day." She was always very fond of playing Sunday-school. When about five years old I heard her close the school with the impressive words, "The session is empty"

* "Bercha" was her elder sister Bertha.

—her memory of the superintendent's usual words, "The session is ended."

She made some very funny mistakes, in such a sober, serious way that it greatly amused us; such as talking about the "gran'ma" school, and telling of a lovely poem read by her teacher, written by "Mr. Longlegs, I think his name was." Showing her grandma her new shoes, she said, "Fast walkers, they call them."

When six or seven years old she seemed to be much troubled over her sins, and would often go alone to her room and cry, finally calling me to come and pray with her. One night she prayed, "Dear Lord, forgive all my sins, and forgive mama's too, though, of course, they are not as great as mine."

When she was quite small, and sorry for some naughtiness, I told her that every one did wrong sometime, and only had to say to Jesus, "I'm sorry." She looked up in my face so surprised, and said, "You don't ever do wrong, mama."

One day she thought she would rather stay home and play than go to ride with me; but when I returned she threw her arms around me and said, "You must never go

out of my sight again or 'twill break my heart. When you had gone I could just see your face all the time; and I cried, and went on lots of different streets to see if I could find you, but I couldn't; so I took a board and sat out under the little apple-tree, and I've named it my weeping-tree. So whenever I want to cry after this, I'll go out there and sit."

Miriam wrote a story this winter, called "The Lost Mother and the Heavy-hearted Hunter." The time she ran about the village looking for me formed the plot, and she herself was the heavy-hearted hunter. This is the only sentence I remember: "And oh, were not the little feet weary!" She made up hundreds of stories, which always seemed to entrance Alice and her small playmates; even Bertha, whenever she was around, liked to listen.

When staying with Alice at her grandpa's there was a difficulty about the sleeping arrangements. Alice wanted to sleep with her grandpa, but was afraid her sister would be lonely. Miriam said, "I'm perfectly willing to have you sleep downstairs, for I have a Friend who is nearer to me than my sister or grandpa could be."

A story with a sad ending would make her unhappy for days. One I read her just before bedtime impressed her so vividly that she got out of bed twice to tell me she could not go to sleep because "that boy broke his father's heart"; and at breakfast she said, "Mama, I believe that story has made a scar on my mind, for I can't forget it."

Before she was seven she went up-town on an errand in the rain, and did not return for a long time. She came in breathless, saying, "Mama, please don't think I was naughty to stay so long; I'm sure you couldn't have come home if you had heard that little brook singing. I just *love* to hear it sing, and I'm sure I could write some poetry when I'm by it if I only knew how to spell the words. Mayn't I go back and stand there some more?"

She had most beautifully tender ways of expressing her love for her mother in quiet moments. Once she said, "There's something about a mama's face that is different from anything else in the world. I get tired of my rings and my dresses, but no one could ever get tired of their mama's face; wherever I am, I can just see your face." She always

had such a struggle to leave me to make a visit, though she really wanted to go. Last Christmas, Grandpa and Grandma L—— wanted to take Bertha and Miriam home with them. Miriam wanted to go—said she knew she should have a lovely time—but wept and was in very great distress of mind because she could not bear to leave me. She said, “I just believe it’s Satan tempting me; for every time I decide to go something seems to say to me, ‘Would you leave your mama? Would you leave your mama?’”

Last fall, in Jersey City, grandma found her sitting quietly on the front steps, with her eyes wet. She said, “I just thought I’d come out here by myself awhile to think about mama, because I felt a little homesick.”

Her anxiety not to be a trouble to any one was very marked. One morning when at grandma’s she said (she was only six years old), “I felt so homesick in the night that I cried a little, and thought I should have to ask you to take me home in the morning.” Aunt N—— said, “Why didn’t you wake me and tell me you were homesick?” Miriam replied, “Oh, I thought I could tell you just

as well in the morning, so I wouldn't wake you up."

She never passed by a bit of poetry her eye caught in paper or magazine. No matter how beyond her comprehension it might be, I have watched her read it through, and have wondered over it. A few hours before the time when she knew surgeons were coming to amputate the end of an injured finger, her courage gave out somewhat, and I was seeking something to divert and console her. She said, "I saw a poem in Longfellow that begins, 'O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree!' I think if you'd read that it would divert my mind." Many poems that she learned at school she delighted to repeat to Alice, until Alice herself could say many of them. "The Brook" and "The Children's Hour" were particular favorites.

Her utter lack of self-consciousness was shown in many ways. Her poem "My God" was printed in the Concord, N. H., paper. She saw it among the other papers when it arrived, said in an amused way, "Isn't that funny!" but never referred to it again, and I never heard of her mentioning it to her play-mates.

When she wrote the poem "My God" she was shut in her room for only a short time after Sunday-school, and then brought it to me (I was ill at the time), saying, "It only took me a few minutes to do this; when you feel like writing poetry it's as easy as can be, but when you don't feel like it you can't do it at all."

Her conscience was so tender that if by chance she saw her seatmate's work at school she could not be happy till she told her teacher, and said, "I can't tell whether I would have written it that way or not if I hadn't seen the other paper; so you can mark it wrong if you want to."

A tribute of one of her little schoolmates—a poor child of uneducated parents—was, "We feel awful bad; Miriam was so good to everybody." She was anxious to help somebody to Jesus, and often used to talk to us about it, and say "children didn't seem to care to listen when she talked of Jesus." She tried to organize a little prayer-meeting, held in her playroom, inviting one little one who was not a Christian and two or three who were. They never held but one meeting, but I am told that Miriam drew several

hearts on the blackboard, showing by dividing the hearts how some children gave only a little of their hearts, some more; at last, drawing a heart with no dividing-line, asking if they would each give their whole hearts to Jesus. They all promised, and the little girl Miriam had brought with her because she thought she had no Christian influences at home was the one who told us she felt "awful bad" when Miriam had gone. We saw her leaving the church after the funeral service (though she was a Roman Catholic), crying and laughing hysterically.

Her heart ached over any one she thought was poor or suffering. She took a great interest in one little girl who often came around with an organ-grinder; used to rummage round in closets to find something for her, or ask if she might not take money from her bank to give her. Of the old women selling laces, or peddlers or beggars, she would say: "They look so sad, mama; won't you please do something for them?" Bridget and Annie say: "We were always sure of some one to sympathize with us when she was here; if we had a headache or were tired she was so sorry." In summer, when washings were

large, she would say, "Is the wash very big, Bridget? I've tried not to dirty any more dresses than I could help."

Her faith was so simple that she thought nothing too small to pray about—that medicine she had to take would prove not to be "bad"; that she might find lost articles for which she was hunting; that she might be able to get her lessons, etc., always saying, "If it be Thy will;" and the answers were so often marvelous in her eyes that they greatly strengthened her faith. She often said, "After I asked God to tell me the place to look for" the lost article, whatever it might be, "I just went straight to it." If the answer she hoped for did not come it never aroused any questioning or complaint. "I suppose Jesus knew it wasn't best for me to have it," or, "He wanted me to learn to be patient, or bear disappointment," was always her thought.

A few weeks before she died she very gravely told me that she felt as if it was not right that papa should go to New York and work all the time to support his family, when she just played; said, "I feel that God has made me strong and able to work, and so I

think that He wants me to begin to earn money to buy my own clothes." To satisfy her—she was so in earnest about it—I arranged to pay for a number of little tasks which she was able to do. She went at them with a will, and was so persevering and steadfast in keeping at them, saying to me often, "Since I see God has made me strong and able to work, I feel I ought to."

On the Wednesday before Miriam left us she had such a happy day—felt so well, and enjoyed gathering the first wild-flowers. She brought them all to Alice (who at that time was very ill), and said often through the day, "It almost makes me cry to think poor little Alice can't gather the wild-flowers, when we both love them so."

She was always so afraid of hurting some one's feelings. Miss P—— says that when Miriam took lunch there a few days before she died, she ate scarcely anything, but said, "Please don't think it's because I don't like what you have for lunch—I think it's very nice; but I don't eat much when I'm home."

The day before her home-going she went to ride with Mrs. D——, but felt very, very sick. When she came home and told me how badly

she felt, she said, " But Mrs. D—— told Jennie H—— she was taking a longer ride than she expected to for my sake, so I thought it wouldn't be polite to tell her I wanted to go home."

She had remarkable gift in prayer—so mature in her expressions and far-reaching in her thoughts. Often she prayed with great earnestness for the missionaries, that the seed they were sowing might bear much fruit, and for any one she knew who was in trouble.

The last time I remember hearing her voice at family prayer she used this expression, with such a fervency of tone: " O Lord, though I am but a little child, my heart is *thronging* with love for Thee."

The last night she spent in her earthly home she felt so discouraged; had been saying through the day, " Doctor's medicine doesn't make me any better; I'm going to give up." She asked me if I would not pray with her at her bedtime. I asked that she might have sweet sleep if it was His will; if not, that she might have patience to bear the distress. The thought seemed to be in her mind a great deal through the night, when

she suffered much; she said several times, "I keep asking Jesus to make the pain better, but He doesn't; so I suppose He wants me to learn to be patient;" and, "I wish Jesus would come and take us all with Him—we've had so much sickness in our family lately; but I suppose we ought to be patient and let Him decide the time, because if we had it our way perhaps some people wouldn't be saved to meet Him who might be if He waited; anyway, I'm glad there's a country where people don't suffer any more." This last remark she repeated several times through the next day, up to the time she became unconscious, though she did not seem to realize any more than the rest of us that her sickness was serious; for a few hours before she died she said in a very cheery tone, "Don't look so sad, mama; I'll be better pretty soon." She also said, in her quaint way, about the same time, "Seems to me human nature was never so noisy as it is this afternoon."

HER LETTERS

JUST two from among Miriam's letters, which were found in her mother's desk after her home-going—one in jest (for she was always writing letters in her play), the other a "really" letter, sealed and addressed, to her dearest friend.

"DEAR MR. ALTMAN: Can gloves be brought back and money be gotten back?

"Please do not think of haste.

"MIRIAM R——."

"Friday, April 6, 1894.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FLORENCE: You must forgive me for not writing you before. But I think I have good reason. The reason is, I have quite a little home-work now; I take music-lessons now, and have to study music one hour a day at home. My dear Florence, do not think of this writing, for it is quite late in the afternoon and I am tired, and so

cannot write so well. But yet, since I have not written to you for so long, I feel I should write a word or two.

"You have heard of the very small Christmas present I sent you, which was a small silver spoon. Your aunt has told me that you did not get it; but if you never find it you will remember that I did not forget you. Dearest Florence, let us try never to forget each other. Let us go hand in hand on through life. I suppose you have heard that after we came home from Maine that I had to have the doctor come to the house the very day we got home; and he tried to soak the cotton off in hot water, but it would not all come off, so he had to pull it off or take it off; I tell you it hurt. Then he visited the house almost every day and dressed it; once he said to mama that that afternoon he would cut the finger off down to the first joint.

"I hope you are getting along well at school, and feel well. I hope to see you soon. Good-by.

"Your dear, dear friend,

"MIRIAM R——."

HER VERSES



THESE two little poems were dictated to her sister Bertha in the early morning before the children were up, and when she was but seven years old and unable to write. All the verses that follow are precisely as she wrote them.

THE BROOKLET

Across the gay meadow, into the wood,
Runs the dear little brooklet as clear as it could;
Twisting and turning, it chats on its way;
Oh, the dear little brooklet, so merry and gay!

There is only one place where the brooklet seems dead,
And there the forget-me-not bows its head;
The birds fly over it and the ducks swim in it,
And the birds above it sing, "Twit, twit."

And then it runs into the field again,
And into the farm-yard, where it sees the hen.

JESUS CHRIST

Jesus came down from His throne on high,
He came to this world to suffer and die;
How happy the angels were that day!
They sang of the Babe that lay in the hay.
They kept close watch by night and day,
And they watched o'er the Babe that lay in the hay.

A copy of these verses was sent to her
grandma, who responded at once in the lines
that follow :

TO MIRIAM

Sing on, sing on, little singer;
Do you know a song never dies?
The notes it wakens will linger
While time to eternity flies.

No ears but thine own may hear it,
To others no beauty disclose;
But 'twill sweetly brood o'er thy spirit,
As perfume the heart of a rose.

Who taught us to sing in rhyme?
Friends tell me 'twere better in prose.
Birds sing the notes that are given;
Could any be better?—who knows?

'Tis only to him who listens
Comes the melody of the breeze;
So the crystal dewdrop glistens
For the eye that, beholding, sees.

Dear girlie, cease not the singing;
Keep thy young heart freshly atune
With God; then songs will keep springing
As surely as roses in June.

GRANDMA R——.

ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, June 23, 1893.

LATER VERSES

Written about six months before the Lord
took her.

Surely there is nothing so sweet as summer days!
When I look at the bright sun and its shining rays,
Then I think of Jesus, the one who made it shine,
And all the earthly beauties seem like things divine.

A cat saw a big, fine bird fly by,
And he said to himself, "I can make a pie."
But he was mistaken,
For he had no bacon,
And the bird was making
All haste to get away.

HER LAST SONG

It seems now like a testimony and a prophecy.

MY GOD

Dear Lord, my Guide and Leader be;
I do not turn my face from Thee.

I am His child, He is my God,
And ever will He be my Lord,

I lie at rest upon His arm,
He'll keep me ever safe from harm.

He makes the day, He makes the night,
And does it all as He thinks right.

His face is fair, His garments shine;
Sinner, He wants that heart of thine.

He tries His children all to bless,
He gives them sleep and gives them rest.

He makes the sun and moon to shine,
He does all this, this God of mine.

HER MUSIC

MIRIAM had studied music but one quarter. Her teacher had begun by training her to distinguish the notes by their sound, and she soon became quite skilful in so doing. Of her musical work in this direction we can do no better than allow her teacher to speak. This letter was written to us in the first days of our sorrow.

“DEAR MRS. R——: This is such a sudden and unexpected blow to me—I could not feel that Miriam would be taken away—that I cannot fully comprehend it. Doubtless she has well begun and will yet fulfil her mission here; I can think how you will now, and in the days to come, see how strong her influence remains with you and in your little family. But it is all so different from what I had planned for my little friend. She was gifted with remarkable talent, and was so

quietly persevering and thorough that I often thought with great pleasure what a bright future was opening before her in this direction. I had hoped to help her to it; but it is idle to try to conceive what a wonderful future the good Father found her already fitted to enjoy.

"I am very sore at heart, and can hardly venture a comforting word, except as I assure you and Mr. R—— of my sympathy. I do myself feel the loss and the vacant place very keenly.

"Poor Bertha! how close it comes to her, dear child!

"Yours very sincerely,

"H—— G——

"April 28, 1894."

But not until several weeks after her home-going did we discover that she had actually written music. One of her daily exercises was to compose—on music-paper, and away from the piano—some little melody; and she was not permitted to play it till she came next time for her lesson. Her teacher was waiting until she had written something really wonderful with which to surprise us, and so



FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL WRITING TAKEN FROM BOOK OF
STUDIES.

destroyed many little melodies which, had we known, would have been carefully preserved. This one was transcribed in her little book because she had stumbled upon the secret of the flatted sixth. There are several other little airs, which her teacher says are perfect in rhythm, though not as dainty as this one. She wrote the melody only, her teacher supplying the harmony.

It was with a thrill of joy that we discovered that the Lord who had given her the song of Him and His love had taught her a melody in which to sing it, although she had never associated the two; for we found that the meter of the verses "My God" was the same as that of the last original melody which she wrote.

Wondrous Teacher divine, how excellent is Thy work! We give Thee all the glory for what seemeth to us remarkable, and with a more childlike confidence we sit at Thy feet to learn, so that we too may manifest Thy glory in life or death.

My God.

1. Dear Lord, my Guide and Lead - er be;
2. I lie at rest up - on His arm;
3. His face is fair, His gar - ments shine;
4. He makes the sun and moon to shine,—

I do not turn my face from Thee;
He'll keep me ev - er safe from harm;
Sin - ner, He wants that heart of thine:
He does all this, this God of mine.

I am His child, He is my God,
He makes the day, He makes the night,
He tries His chil - dren all to bless;
Dear Lord, my Guide and Lead - er be;

And ev - er will He be my Lord.
And does it all as He thinks right.
He gives them sleep, and gives them rest.
I do not turn my face from Thee.

“TILL HE COME”

“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”—PHIL.
I. 21.

THE glorious Apostle to the Gentiles was not tempted away from the statement of the truth by any diabolic suggestion of what men might say of such a claim; nor was his statement any more true of him than it may have been of others, and doubtless has been of thousands, to whom it was not given to write under the full inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Dear little Miriam, with what confidence do we see you welcomed among the ranks of those to whom to live was Christ!

Paul and Miriam! We do not fear the association. Not that we judge that when the crowns are to be distributed our Miriam's will be as thickly studded as that of the great Apostle; but that Christ lived over His childhood life in her, only limited by the inherited evil of her flesh nature, we firmly be-

lieve. And as for the crowns, it is our earnest prayer that this little record of a Christlike child may add to the stars in the crown of her rejoicing, to the glory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

But the Apostle said to die was gain. Yes, gain for thee, little girl; gain for thee indeed. To live in the brightness of His unveiled presence, to learn to sing under His tuition—aye, a thousand times gain.

But for us? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, it is gain to us. We know thou lookest down and smilest as we write these words, dear little one. We know that thou who so easily didst learn God's secrets dost not fail to recognize where true gain lieth. Thou knowest that the loneliness that shadows us brings us under the very Shechinah-cloud of the Holy Spirit; and out of the cloud come comforting words, yes, even those addressed to the Blessed One Himself: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" for are we not "accepted in the Beloved"? So will we go on, by the grace of God, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation.

The hope of the second personal appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ upon the earth was to Miriam a vital daily experience. Often before we separated in the morning at the family altar would we commend one another to the care of the Holy Spirit, hoping to meet one another in the air as we hastened to greet the Christ who hath promised to catch us away to Himself that we may be ever with Him.

"Till He come" with Miriam, is now our watchword. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The extract which follows is from a letter written to a brother and his wife in Honolulu, and will convey as clearly as may be some of the facts of her home-going and the scenes of the days immediately following.

"NEW YORK, May 5, 1894.

"DEAR T——: A week has gone since I sat down to write you; and such a week!—mingled joy and sorrow, with the joy as a sort of carbonizing influence on the tears of our sorrow, making it anything but flat and

tasteless; making it, indeed, a sorrow charged with joy. Never could we say as really as now, 'My God shall supply *all* your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus;' for our sore need has been most wonderfully met, and the joy of the Lord is our strength.

"But now, to begin back and give you a few of the particulars of Miriam's death—nay, more abundant life, rather—and of the services which commemorated the translation.

"Ailing for weeks, we probably little understood the pain she suffered, as the typhoid poisoning went to work upon her vital organs. Friday noon I was summoned from New York by a telephonic message saying that my little girl was very sick.

"When I got to the bedside I found she had had a convulsion and heart-failure, from which they had roused her by hypodermic injections of stimulants. She was bright, but in pain. The doctor had sent for a consulting physician, and he arrived about seven o'clock. In the meantime I read to Miriam, and we ministered to her, hoping for a return to health, but fearing—yes, fearing, from the human side—the death of the body. We

did not talk with her about going, for her mother did not think she was so near her end; and then, what was the need? About seven another convulsion set in, and she went from one into another until nine o'clock, when her heart stopped.

"We wanted a believing undertaker; but there was one whose soul Brother O——, and I too, had been fishing for for years, and it occurred to me that it might do him some good; so I sent the doctor for him. I told him, when he came, how unwilling I was that unbelieving hands should touch my little girl's earthly house, and I asked him if he would not receive and confess Christ. He said he would. I asked no more, telling him to go on with his work, thanking God that the first-fruits of Miriam's going were so rich. He went home and told his wife that he had taken Christ; and I have had many a talk with him—yes, and prayer too—and to-morrow he will join the church. 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'

"Saturday was a day of continual reception of love and sympathy from friends, all of whom we saw; and with all we talked of Miriam's blessed life of faith.

"Sunday was one of those rare spring days; the air cool, clear, and laden with the odor of God's bouquets, the blossoming trees. We brought her down and put her in the parlor, with flowers all about her, and Christ everywhere. We prayed, we wept, we smiled; we led her little friends to her side as she lay in the casket, and preached to them of the life hid with Christ in God.

"The services at the church were at three. Sunday-school was assembled, and the house was full. Brother B—— introduced the services, and we sang, with a power born of faith, 'I am so glad that our Father in heaven.' Brother W—— led in prayer tenderly. Brother O—— spoke; oh, what a minister of the abounding grace of God! I cannot begin to tell you. We had sung another song: 'There stands a rock'—you know the chorus: 'Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting sand'—the last that Miriam had ever asked us to sing at prayers. We also sang, all through, 'Am I a soldier of the Cross?'

"Then I stepped out and looked into the upturned faces, with love and sympathy expressed in every eye. Oh, what an inspiration! I told the people that one of the

hardest things to bear was the fact that Miriam was to have been our doctor missionary, and I prayed that God would make impressions on many hearts that would lead them to give themselves to Christ for His work. How God blessed me! Then we sang 'Asleep in Jesus.' Yes, bless your dear hearts! we sang; and we sing to-day, just as we sang around the little grave in Mount Hebron, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'

"But one feature—and a beautiful one—of the service I have not mentioned. The Sunday-school scholars came up, class by class, and child by child, and placed a single carnation in the open casket, until her little form was covered.

"We had the sash lowered and saw this blessed tribute.

"So closed our transfiguration day."

